

**IMPACT COMICS**

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FEB 1993  
US \$0.99  
CAN \$1.29  
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ISSUE  
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**THE  
NEW  
90s**

# CRUCIBLE

**THE FINAL  
IMPACT**

**THE HEROES  
ARE THE  
HEROES?**

A HERO  
BECOMES  
A VILLAIN.

A SOLDIER  
BECOMES A  
STATESMAN.

A BOY  
BECOMES  
A MAN.

THE IMPACT  
UNIVERSE  
HAS CHANGED  
FOREVER.

**AUGUSTYN  
RAID  
QUESADA  
WOLTKIEWICZ  
PALMIOTTI**

## THE FINAL IMPACT

**Jim Crowley**  
President

[illegible]

They were the morning crew

**IMPACT COMICS**

I can fight. The black road  
I mean, what's alive, right?

For reasons even I don't fully  
understand, I fight crime. Roads  
stupid. I know, but when you  
wear the mask, you have to do  
the right thing.

So seriously, for some mystical  
numb-jumbo reason, the wearer of  
the mask is *compelled* to serve  
justice. The has been going on for  
hundreds of years.

A whole lot of people have worn  
the mask in that time... most  
of them dead now.

This story begins when  
I received a tip that a  
major drug deal was  
going down that night  
at the waterfront.

The tip was righteous,  
but no one said they'd be  
expecting me! Can't  
even trust long-time  
word informers, in figure.

If you're compelled to  
kick criminal butt,  
I can see it's good that  
they are equally  
compelled to be there  
to be kicked. Still, it  
gets old fast.

After all, how long  
can you push?

How many  
bums can you  
smash for?

How many discomforts,  
disgraces, some bullets  
can you count to jelly  
before the creative crime-  
fighter's mind screams out  
for a sh- range?

And where am I  
going to learn to be  
astounded with  
what I have?

*I only said the food makes me good. So, if I don't have to make an egg sandwich*

100

Ever hear anyone say that they felt like someone had walked over their grave? I finally understand that feeling.

100%  
 100%  
 100%  
 100%

College of Social and Behavioral Sciences  
University of North Carolina at Charlotte  
Charlotte, NC 28223

**AVOID  
THE COMMON  
MISTAKES  
WHICH  
HOLD  
YOU BACK**

10

It was common sense that told me to avoid the police, not the dogs. They do make me nervous.

And who can believe that  
days so sweet make me  
happy?

1000

Suddenly the little man who wasn't there... was! Dressed as a giant killer robot! Blast it!



Unfortunately the #5 and I punched killer robots in hero school!



WAAAAAAAA

Okay, the gun was out, escape was out... what did that leave?



Oh yeah, a truly stupid and pointless gesture that always works!



Okay this was the first time it actually worked... but it did work!









# WORLD WITHOUT A SUPERMAN!

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## THE LEGEND CONTINUES

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SUPERMAN<sup>™</sup> #499

ACTION COMICS #686

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THE MAN OF STEEL #21

SUPERMAN #77

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## FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND

**SOMEONE DRESSED LIKE A BAT IS MURDERING  
THE CITIZENS OF GOTHAM CITY.**



**B A T M A N**  
**SHAMAN**

Join the Batman on one of his earliest adventures.  
Representing the first story arc from the acclaimed series

**BATMAN: LEGENDS OF THE DARK KNIGHT**

Dennis O'Neil • Edward Hannigan • John Beatty • Richmond Lewis

**A NEW PAINTED COVER BY GEORGE PRATT**



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*It's a good thing I've just  
been to the bathroom,  
otherwise... well, it could've  
been embarrassing!*



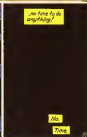
*Shit, I doubt there would have  
been time for that. It's fast as  
that thing moved, there was  
no time to even think.*



*No time to  
scream...*



*...no time to  
fight...*



*No time to do  
anything!*

*No.  
Time.*

For a while, I simply ceased to exist.

Then, swirling gray replaced black, and I started to appear to Jet rather, to come to be again. I know it doesn't make much sense. Jet used to sit

All I know was that I looked somewhere else.



Boy, did I?



Oh, Jet, don't those men look like they're poor?

Don't worry about the poor. Continuing hate, they work for us.

On the web, I get it. What do you suppose went with me, Agent?



Simply to make it right to you of this certain divine society.



You web guys brought me here to give me a baseball cap?

And more, here's your black hood coat, put it on.

And slower with him, Ryan.



Yes, do that and explain some things for me.

What's this all about, and where are we?



Certainly you are with us in a construct known as the omniscient. In it, we are aware in the time continuum.

From this vantage point, we can see any time, past or future, and reach out to touch those times.

To adjust it if need be, or push it along the right path. Like...

...now for instance?

Now?

*This time I went through awake, if I had carried a stomach at the time I would have gnawed it intensely. I hoped I was headed back home.*

*...as usual, I was wrong. I wasn't anywhere near home, and I didn't have any idea where the hell else I was.*



*Once everything stopped spinning... I still didn't know!*



WHAT DO  
YOU  
WANT??



*That's right, if  
you're not  
a figure.*



*My first instinct was to dodge, the old as a wall, but instant dread, that I felt the heat from each blast, made that difficult to ring in.*

*I had no idea what was going on—the things I did know, in fact, would have made a lot almost as small as my chances of survival.*

*Fortunately, my second instinct was to haul my sorry butt out of the way quick!*

*Whoever was firing up the landscape randomly, suddenly "fired" on me! I was seconds from being deep-fried... I had to do something!*

*Like I said, I am the master of the stupid and futile gesture...*

*Tell me you would have done differently.*



*HE'S GOT THIS BELLY BELLY BELLY*

*SPOT!*

*If the attacker had turned out to be Plastic Abolish, I couldn't have been more surprised—it looked like The Comet...*

*...but I thought the Comet was dead!*



WHY ARE YOU  
MOLDSWORTH  
BROCK?  
HAIN'T YOU BORN  
BROCK?  
DAMNATION!

He knew me by  
name, I still  
knew nothing.

If this wasn't a  
dream, maybe  
Comet was dead  
and maybe I was  
too...

...maybe we were both  
sent to the last place  
where bad boys go.  
The dealer was right.

oooooooo!

On the other hand,  
being dead probably  
couldn't have felt  
that painful.

If I was alive, the odds  
were against staying that way.  
The Comet was looking to  
settle a score for a game  
I'd never played.



HEY, COMET, I'M  
THE BLACK WOOD!  
I'M ONE OF THE  
GOOD GUYS—LIKE  
YOU—

YOU'RE  
ANYONE LIKE  
ME, COMET!  
NOTHING!



YOU'VE  
FORGOTTEN ME FOR  
THE LAST TIME—  
BROCK!

AAAAARRRRRR!

I don't know what  
happened then,  
maybe he killed me.



But, then I woke up.

It was a dream. I'd been having the same one again and again for years. That's a year.



I tried ignoring the dreams and feelings for a long time, but they wouldn't leave me alone.

There were some things I couldn't ignore, though. When I first woke that first time, I had some real sore ribs.

A distinct impression that I had been granted a glimpse of a distant future.

...and the absolute knowledge that it was up to me to stop the Comet before he caused that future to come true!



Oh yeah, I also had the worst high-school baseball card.



It's how I knew all of this was real. I just didn't know what to do about it yet.



The card was a key to figuring things out, that much I was certain of.

But neither the card...nor the Hood...would tell me any more than that.

When I couldn't put it off any longer, I hit the road to follow my twisted dream.

I said good-bye to a deeply confused Mom and Dad, emptied my twenty-five hundred dollar savings account, and drove off to the only logical starting place...



When the Comet was around, Evergreen had seen his home base.

It was also the blasted city of my dreams.

If I was going to find the Comet, this was square one.

At the time that seemed hopeless, I still thought he was dead.

So did the whole world. He had all followed the story.



A young man named Rob Connors was found dead in the wreckage of his house. The Comet was apparently responsible.

Knowing that he was Rob Connors, Comet went on TV and unmasked to prove his claim. He was not terribly convincing.

That monstrously alien face could not have belonged to a human being. The Comet seemed as horrified by this as any of us.



We'll never know for sure what happened next, or why...



...if it hadn't been for the satellite pictures, we wouldn't even know that he flew into the upper atmosphere and went nova!

Accident or suicide, the result was the same - he was gone.



*Gone and presumed dead.*

*Rob Cornara was most certainly dead. I didn't know what the connection between him and the Comet was, but there had to be more than anyone guessed.*

*I'm not the world's greatest detective, but I was able to track a dead man.*



*I could only hope that I was right... and that this would lead me somewhere...*

SOMEBODY MUST REALLY CARE 'BOUT THAT ONE... WELL, TYPICAL FRESH FLOWERS. LIKE THAT... ANCE.

IT'S DEAD, THOUGH I'VE NEVER SEEN WHO IT IS COMES TO VISIT.



*Bingo.*

SEE, THE COMET WOULDN'T COME HERE WITH FLOWERS. WOULD HE?

THINGS



*I decided to shake out the place. How long could it take, right?*



*Eight days later, I was still wondering.*



# DC UNIVERSE

## R.I.P. SUPERMAN

So what else is new? This page for starters! Since *Doomsday* struck the comic business at the end of 1993, things have really been shaken up here at DC Comics. First off, the boundaries of the known DC Universe have changed and been more clearly defined. DC's horror and mystery realm has spun off into the hot, new **VERTIGO** line leaving the DC Universe group to tighten its focus and specialize in the wickedest, scariest. Super-Hero throws down you're come to expect from your favorite comics.

The new DCU now runs the gamut from the mega-hit **SUPERMAN** titles to the slowly line of **LOBO** comics—and everything in between! Seek vengeance with the **SPECTRE**, tear up shop with **BATMAN** and **CHAOS GANG**, and soar through space with the **LEGIONNAIRES**, unified by the ever evolving and expanding diaspores of the DC Universe!

This page is where the entire DCU comes together from now on. Which heroes are doing what... which allies are drawing what... why you can't live without page-diving into the DC Universe head first! This is the hub... the nexus... the cross-country center of all that material! This DC Universe page will be your signpost to tomorrow and beyond. Don't leave the Universe without it!

More on other changes as they happen, right here, on the DC Universe page.

## DC BULLETS

Lee Modler makes his DCU debut in **WOMEN OF THE DCU #71**. If you know what's good for you (and your collection) you'll want to scope this jump-on issue out.



Give it up for Scott Peterson and Bill Kaplan, the DCU's new Editor and Associate Editor! Scott will be handling **DETECTIVE**, **GREEN ARROW**, **BATMAN ADVENTURES** and other titles, while Bill will be the man on **OUTSIDERS**, **BATMAN** and **SCARLETT**.

The man who saved **HAWKWorld**, writes **Tin**. Truman, joins regular writer John Ostrander for the **Hawk** last stand. Who survives? Who doesn't? **Tin**.



and John... ain't either! but we hear it got real easy in **HAWKWorld #72**, the final issue!

Kevin Donkey paid us \$10 and a ham sandwich to get his name on the first DC Universe page.

## NEW STARS ON THE HORIZON

From the blackest depths of space comes the roughest intergalactic police force: **THE DARKSTARS**!

September of '92 introduced the latest band of Earth's protectors. Their mission: to protect Earth from alien mercenaries and criminal organizations. The **Syndicate** and **GLASS** are just a few of the stellar terrors the **DARKSTARS** are sworn to bring down, hard!

The **DARKSTARS** is one of the newest, ongoing series from the DC Universe. Written by



**MICHAEL JAY FRIEDMAN** (STAR TREK, PRINCE) and chosen by the outrageous popular rising star **TRAVIS CHAREST** and **SCOTT HANNA**!

Look for the start with the sickest series in his the sands in light years. If you haven't gotten the first issues yet, we dare you to find them!

Also look for the upcoming **DARKSTARS/LEGION** w/ **GREEN LANTERN** crossover: **TRINITY**

## HOW TO DRAW: LOBO



1. First, start off by drawing the basic oval for a head.



2. Lightly sketch the guide lines for the eyes, nose, and mouth.



3. Trade your art for buy **LEGION**. YL. He's there every month!





WE WERE IN  
THE JAIL  
CALLED  
TOGETHER.

That was a lie, actually.  
I was never a Crusader;  
That was another  
Black Hood.

Still, it seemed  
to calm her to  
believe it, so...

I'M  
LOOKING INTO THE  
CONNECTION  
BETWEEN THE COMET  
AND THE CRUSADER  
DEATH.

I SEE.



IF ONLY  
SOMEONE IS  
FULLY TRUST  
THIS  
SERIOUSLY

THEY SAY  
THAT YOU WERE KILLED  
BY THE COMET, BUT  
IS A CRUSADER  
FOR THE COMET?

I TRIED TO  
TALK TO YOU, BUT YOU  
SAID I WAS TOO SLOW  
TO KNOW WHAT I  
WAS TALKING ABOUT

I WAS  
WRONG, ALL RIGHT,  
BUT I KNOW TWO  
THINGS FOR SURE:  
THAT APPARITION  
THAT WAS ON THE TV  
WAS NOT MY  
FATHER.

AND  
I KNOW THAT  
YOU--THE COMET--  
DO NOT WANT  
ANYONE

HE HAD SOME REAL  
PROBLEMS. OBVIOUSLY  
PROBLEMS. I THINK HE  
WENT OFF SOMEWHERE  
TO TRY TO SORT  
THINGS OUT.

I DON'T  
KNOW WHO IS  
BLIND, AND I DON'T  
KNOW WHO IS NOT  
I DON'T KNOW  
I DON'T KNOW  
I DON'T KNOW

UNTIL  
HE COMES  
BACK.



THE FRODO GUY  
HE HAD ALL THAT  
MAGIC POWER,  
BUT IT DIDN'T  
SAVE HIM.

FOR JUST  
WANTED A NORMAL  
LIFE, AND MORE THAN  
ANYTHING ELSE, HE  
JUST WANTED TO PLAY  
HARSH.

Maybe.



HE'S OUT  
THERE  
SOMEWHERE,  
AND I JUST  
KNOW IT.

And from  
that moment  
on, she's

TO BE CONTINUED

# CRUCIBLE

## THE FINAL IMPACT

### THE VIEW FROM THE 27TH FLOOR

Hey, it's not a five-star. Not a take-home special. While it's true that **CRUCIBLE #1** has been marked down like last year's *Nikita*, all that really matters is whether *28x* in your opinion. Now, make it's just me, but I think that's cool.

All right, it's a gemstone. Like books going over \$100 means if you deposit twenty-five grand (as if anyone with long cash like that couldn't afford a mansion) Step 1: "Nice & Improved" listed on your crap you're disposable, disposable, disposable, and you're guaranteed to meet that product. But, you must admit, all that's kinda played out and cheaper than *Chandler*.

Look, there's no way to leave *Chandler* there. It's hard to tell the quality stuff from the rest (well, other than the DC boiler as the *Chandler* type. This may be both, a sure thing). So, I thought we'd just forget the free decoder ring, and deal instead in simple, straightforward terms. Cold, hard cash. Later for all that hype. BOOM! Here it is.

Twenty-five. In your face. Buy your copies! BOOM! Dollars!

Of course, since you've now read **CRUCIBLE**, you know it's actually worth twice the money. So, hey, if you look at it that way, we've just saved you \$1.51 per copy! BOOM! That's \$6.04 for those four copies I know you want to buy!

Hey, who needs hype? Hey my man.

DC is putting its money where its mouth is. And, by bringing this book closer, you can share points with your man. Well, don't laugh. Think about it: You buy **CRUCIBLE**, you save it to your man, you say, "Hey, man, I thought there was that was so cool!"

BOOM! Your man, flattered by your maturity and sense of fiscal responsibility, buys you a new car and what about your car?

All right, maybe not. But, at the very least, you can read the *28x* to the *Color Me Bitch!* but damn the credit so he can buy a new

—Doc

Get this letter today

Dear Impact Comics,

It's probably a little silly to send a letter to a comic that's already been cancelled. Especially a comic that, along with its sister *Impact* titles, has had a hard, unenviable struggle to hold heavy with bumper and series.

The first year of **THE COMET** (like most of the *Impact* titles, unfortunately) spent too much time on the buildup. A lot of us fantasy folks just don't have the patience. And, while I thoroughly enjoyed the *JAGUAR*, the editors seemed to wander aimlessly with the supposed understanding those characters were so fascinating, we would just hang in there. I did.

Once **LEGEND OF THE SHIELD** started to tie up its



Impact

ends,

I was

entertained.

When The

Shield became a

new guy, the Hood

went from one corner to the next, the *Jaguar's* dad was killed... It was obvious there were big plans ahead. Probably very exciting stuff. As I could see with this fresh new start on the characters, you could basically do this type of dramatic shift in direction because you had no legends or traditions to adhere to.

But, **THE COMET**. Oh, brother, **THE COMET** was the cage its gills. From the moment we discovered Rob Connors's parents, we went on a roller coaster ride that didn't let up. Every climb (discovering the "real" Rob Connors) led to a roller coaster (he's a clown) led to a drop (the "real" Rob Connors is murdered). Victoria is treated by none other than Ben Lee of innumerable lengths. Who knows? Maybe knowing cancellation loomed, you said "The heck with it, let's have some fun!"

So, I'm writing a letter to a comic that's already been cancelled. Whatever your reasoning for these dramatic upsets, I want you guys to know **THE COMET** evolved into good reading. To the last drop.

K. Michael Williams  
Corona, NY

Been like that for awhile, now. Dozens of letters, some of them threatening, from disgruntled Impact fans. Yeah, guys, we rubbed a lot of people the wrong way.

Sorry. Couldn't be avoided. Last year, some guy with a tie hung over my office door and said, "Yiny. Ooo — RR IT!" I could so fully related. Instead, I asked if he wanted ties with that.

Well, it's nine months later, and now I'm leeching and popping inside and landing off tangue enemy attacks because our first issue of the *Age-Now Impact Comics* is ready to roll.

Now, you didn't know me when I was six (at least I sure hope you don't). But once upon a time I started a comic. I know, one of those Type H-O gauge jammed with the Texas Rangers, and the box cars with doors that slid back for your plastic tool. My mom bought it a week or so before Christmas and hid it in a closet.

So here

Unseen, I was ugly, but I wasn't blind. I knew, though, that to spend that time on one figure before Christmas (which was usually

December 26th, 2:30 AM in the Cyclopaedia meant death. Slow and painful. So, I just waited it out. In agony.

Day after day

And now, eight or nine decades later, I've got the same anxious feeling. It's in industry — overrun with hype and empty promises, it's a real special joy that Mike Miller calls in each new letter design again and they're just so dope. Makes people stop and stare. Or Chuck Weylman (NOT a scientist), taking the ball from Joe Q, turning in the most gorgeous stuff. It's enough to make me almost "well" ends.

The entire team — from Mark & Brian to our designer Brian Pearson to Joe Q, Joe Robinson, Michael Golden, Mark Whalley, Mike Marz, An Nichols, my pal the wonderful Steve Hayes, Chuck, Jimmy, and the capably joining John (you want it when I Capobianco—helped together in a massive effort) to whatever the *Impact* Universe and make it even better. It's totally gratifying to be involved with a group of talent like that and know in my head... that I'm in the loop.

Yeah. That's no cool. The *One* running wreck, drunk with power, spending their life into *Hardcore*. Heck, I've got the vision thing. I've got a sharp pencil and I know how to use it. Knowing I could oppress a fine group like that really made this effort worthwhile, and I want to thank DC for their faith in me and in this effort.

Hey, I realize a lot of Impact fans got bored that the notes folded. I don't mean to make *Impact*'s readers lightly.

Quite the opposite: part of what makes me so excited (these days is how much DC actually does care about *Impact*'s readers) and to what lengths we'll go to keep your trust. We're hoping **CRUCIBLE** will introduce you to an even better *Impact* Universe without trailing the old one.

You, our readers, deserve the best. DC is committed to bringing you the best **CRUCIBLE** RS that can be

mostly. And I'm real excited about stuff we've got planned — things I can't even hint at, yet. But you know they're there. In the closet. Just waiting.

**IMPACT**  
COMICS

1333 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, NY 10019

# PHAR OUT.



Get fired up for the fastest phase II fight in the universe. You're flying the Phalanx A-144 Elongating beastly Bio-Weapons. And no matter how big the buggers get, they never seem to slow down. We're talking cert-doom - in 3D! So buckle up, bub. It's phaz out **NEW**

Also Gear up and go for it with TOP GEAR, the #1 Super NES™ race game. DR. FRANKEN'S Eureka's new monster hit for Game Boy®. And EA SPORTS the mind blowing puzzle game.

Received 12 May 2004; accepted 12 May 2004; first published online 12 May 2004



## T2: THE ARCADE GAME NOW ON GENESIS!

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